

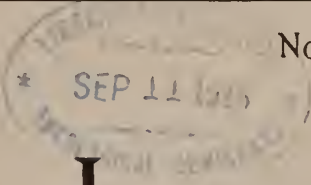
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No. 9

THE

MISSIONARY LINK



FOR THE

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY
OF AMERICA

SEPTEMBER, 1915

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

This organ of the "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America" is issued monthly. Subscription, 50c. a year. Life members will receive the MISSIONARY LINK gratuitously by sending an annual request for the same.

"What? and Why?" is a leaflet giving a brief account of the Society and work in the form of question and answer "Mission Band Leaflets" are original stories written especially for this portion of our work.

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Checks payable to Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, 67 Bible House, New York

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SEPTEMBER, 1915

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WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

This Society was organized in 1860, and is the pioneer of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies in America.

It is undenominational, and so it presents a united Christian front to the heathen world.

It is carried on entirely by women, with unsalaried officers.

Its aim is the salvation and elevation of heathen women.

"Win for Christ," its motto.

SIR NARYAN CHANDAVARKAR well says: A nation is not made in a day, and nationality is not formed by mere contact between races, languages, religions or the creeds of churches and temples. It is not even a geographical expression. It is a spiritual cohesion, a force dominated by oneness of sentiment, tradition and feeling. Unless individuals are inspired by one idea and have a common destiny they cannot fulfill a common mission. Where they have one aim and aspiration, one life, without division of caste, creed or color, there also they represent a moral fact and a spiritual harmony.

THE *Indian Witness* chronicles another amalgamation of Christian institutions in South India. The Madras Religious Tract and Book Society, after a long, useful and honorable career, ceases to exist, and becomes a Committee of the Christian Literature Society. This aggressive Society now becomes the sole literature organization for the whole of the Tamil, Telugu, Singhalese and Burmese areas, and has ample scope for all its energies. It ought to be well equipped financially for its important work.

MAN'S abiding happiness is not in getting anything, but in giving himself up to ideas larger than his individual self-ideas, of his country, humanity and God."

—Rabindra Nath Tagore.

THE *Indian Messenger* notes the election of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu as a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, the first Indian lady to be so honored, and adds, "There are only a few British women who are Fellows, and these have been thus honored on account of special literary work or research. Mrs. Naidu was received with the old-time ceremony, and has already been asked to contribute a paper at one of the Society's meetings. The honor is the greater, as the Society is both learned and exclusive, and restricts its numbers to about two hundred, with a few foreign members."

THE Bishop of Madras writes that missionary work is progressing in face of war troubles; that in the Singareni Mission, under native superintendence, there are four hundred under instruction for baptism, with a like number scattered in thirteen villages who have asked for instruction in the Christian faith and are waiting for teachers.

IN the *Bombay Guardian*, a C. M. S. missionary in the Punjab writes as follows of the Narowal district: "One of the most remarkable features of the Church in this district is the progress that has been made towards self-support. The generosity of the people is wonderful. Most of them earn on an average eight or nine rupees a month, and it is no uncommon thing for them to come forward at the services to offer a rupee each as their thankoffering to God.

A RETIRED missionary has been conducting in the University of Pennsylvania a Bible class composed of students from forty-six different countries, including China, Japan, Korea, India, the Islands of the Seas, Central, North and South America, Europe and its colonies, making an unparalleled opportunity to present Christ as the Saviour of all men.



HILL WOMEN OF INDIA

IN EASTERN LANDS.

INDIA—CAWNPORE

A MORNING'S WALK AND WORK

By CLARA M. BEACH

SOME of you at home have been writing that you would like to go about with me in the city, so to-day I am going to conduct the party, and see events with your eyes, which are new to India and its customs. Plague, cholera and small-pox are all rife these days, so it is no wonder that before we reach our first house we see a man standing in front of a doorway with an unfolded bundle of thin, white cloth in his hands, indicating as plainly as crape on the doorknob that the death angel had been there, for the shroud is always new and never folded—if for a man, white; if for a woman, red.

As we start out at 6:45 a. m. the open, paved drains are all being cleaned, and what a glorious time it is for the children, who not only watch the water, but get under the

spouts and have a nice shower bath. This does not surprise us so much as that at several drains we find the family washing being done. Nice clean water brought in pipes to their lane free of carriage by the municipality—why not take advantage of it even if the wash-tub be the drain? As dinginess has characterized most of the houses since we entered the city, I am sure I hear you exclaim as we advance to the first house, for several here are color washed. One is a bright blue, another fairly dark red, and others have colored bands around the top; it gives the locality quite an aristocratic air, and this feeling is not lessened as we ascend the stairs and enter the room where we are to teach our first pupils. Here we find an English doll fully two feet high adorning one corner, and a row of fairly good-sized pictures forming a border all around the top of the front room. The people read fairly well in the second and third Hindu books, which if really well understood gives them quite a variety of subjects to talk about. They can also give a comprehensive outline of the whole life of

Christ, and one is impressed with their nearness to the kingdom. A lesson on prayer was given, and we were about to teach them a few sentences when the husband of one of the pupils came in, and oh, what a change! No more attention to us, I assure you; no more sitting down of the women either; instead a shrinking back, a deferential bearing takes the place of the trustful, free way they have had with us. At first I felt a wee bit disconcerted that he should appear just at that moment, and feared we could say no more, but lifting my heart in prayer for guidance I turned toward him and outlined the life of Christ to him. He wanted to evade it, but he certainly can never say now that he has not heard the wonderful story, and I felt sure it was the Holy Spirit's leading to stay over-time here. At the next house, just around the corner, our pupil of eleven or twelve years lay quite ill. So with a word of comfort and cheer to the family we passed on to the third house, and there we found a young woman waiting for us who was the wife of an old, old man who had just greeted us on the street. Here the polite manners of the first house were conspicuous by their absence. Much curiosity was shown about our clothes and the number of articles worn, with great sympathy given because we had to wear so much; they, of course, being far more comfortable in their dirty rags, which certainly were not cumbersome. We, however, did not care to change places. My simple brown cotton one-piece dress looked like silk to them, and they actually had to feel of it to be convinced that it was cotton. There were four or five here who would have listened for hours to the message in song and story, but we knew others were waiting for us. I am sure the cooking of the sacred Tulsi plants and the cakes of fuel drying on the walls of the house (that take one back to the days of Ezekiel) would have interested you.

At our last house we find before leaving that one of the two attentive listeners has a brother who is an Arya Samajist, and she tried to argue us into saying that because he no longer worshiped idols, he now believed as we do. See how this new sect aims to deceive the people and make them think the imitation is the real thing. This sect is a very subtle foe, as hostile as can be, often openly opposing us in the selling of Gospels at the fairs which bring together large crowds.

We who have been in India sometime can find something at every house to encourage

us, and even on the streets, for we see an advance all along the line and almost no opposition, which is decidedly different from the attitude of the people twenty years—yes, even ten years ago.

ALLAHABAD

SCHOOL NOTES

By EMMA M. BERTSCH

LAST year we hoped one of our older girls would be ready to take the government "middle exams," but she married, and so our hopes for her remained unrealized. In course of time her baby came and a proud, happy mother was she. In a Hindu home the young mother is expected to observe old customs, one of them being that she must perform certain rites in the sacred Ganges River ere she is permitted to visit her friends. This young lady makes up her mind to visit her old school first, so announces to her startled grandmother and mother that her "teacher comes before such ceremonies," and to the school she went.

She recently paid another visit to the school. The final exams were in progress, so she busied herself with the papers until the hour for the Scripture lesson, at which time all else was laid aside. In the course of the lesson she relieved her mind by saying: "I have been here taught that there is a God who rewards and punishes us according to our deeds, but my husband says there is no God." About twenty of the oldest girls in this department were listening attentively. The teacher replied: "Keep on believing what you are convinced is the truth, never mind what he says." After this bit of sound advice she was asked: "Do you still believe in idol-worship?" In her simple but decisive way she confessed that although she has to observe certain laws dictated by her mother, yet in her inner heart she knew them to be meaningless.

Some of the girls from staunch Hindu homes listened to this frank testimony with mingled feelings. Only a few years ago she like them received daily instruction concerning the true God, but dared not then utter her convictions. It is our hope that the coming years will reveal the fact that our girls have learned life's greatest lesson and will not be ashamed to confess their Lord and Saviour before their friends.

JAPAN—YOKOHAMA

FESTIVAL DAYS

By SUSAN A. PRATT

JAPAN is a land of festivals and religious gatherings where the people as a rule come early and stay late. We missionaries come in for our full share, and I want to tell you about some recently attended. One of these was the regular woman's meeting of the Japanese Union Church. Once a month we meet in the home of some member, and this special meeting was held in a charming house in the midst of a pretty garden. The room was large, with soft cushions placed at regular intervals on the mats for the guests, among whom were several children.

After my talk a dear old blind lady of eighty-three advised those present to study and read the Bible constantly. She said she regretted not having done so more earnestly before she lost her sight, for then she could have remembered more of the blessed words. She concluded by urging all to become Christians.

Mrs. Kitajima, one of the influential church workers, spoke of the change that Bible study makes in the lives of those who place themselves under its influence. She told the story of Madam Hirooka, who was then in Tokyo, speaking at some of the women's meetings of the evangelistic campaign. This lady belongs to one of the wealthy families of Japan, and at the age of sixty-one became a Christian through hearing a powerful sermon, although she had long known about Christianity. In five years she knew the Bible better than many who had made it a life-long study. She is a power now in the religious world. Mrs. Kitajima said with tears that she felt sad at heart as she thought how little she knew of the Bible, and then urged the ladies to study it more. There were other short talks and prayers before we separated.

The other gatherings were in the village of Kuki, where we have had a preaching place for many years. The work has been greatly blessed of late, and a band of strong, earnest Christians is being raised up. On Sunday morning at the regular church service Mr. Horibe, a school teacher, presided, giving an earnest talk, and my heart was encouraged as I saw the good attention given by those present. This man has been a Christian less than a year, but has advanced greatly in the Christian life. In his school he is a power for good. His family are Buddhists of the

old school, but gave permission for their son to receive baptism. One reason for my coming to Kuki at this time was because he was to be married the next day to the young Bible woman who has been working there for the past four years.

On Saturday afternoon with the older Bible woman we took a walk of several miles to the home of Mr. Ehara for Sunday School and an adults' meeting. Christianity has made a wonderful change in that home. The father has been brought to Christ as well as the wife and mother. Three daughters have been placed in our Girls' School, and two have received baptism. He gathers his servants and farm hands every Sunday for a service, and gives them the day for rest from labor. In the preaching place that evening eleven Christian men and inquirers, besides a goodly number of women, were present.

The day of the wedding dawned fair, and all in the preaching place were up early making preparations. The bride's belongings had to be taken to her new home that morning, so we helped at that, and then the house was put in order. One of the Christians brought two hanging scrolls for decoration, while others lent plants and flowers. The little rooms looked most attractive. Then came the dressing of the bride. The red under dress signified that she was to be born into the new family; red being the color for children. The white dress came next, and as white is the mourning color, this signified that she was now dead to her own family. The black outer dress showed that she was now to take a place in the world with the serious minded. The sash, a gift from the groom, was very beautiful, and the little bride looked most attractive.

Guests began to arrive and finally the pastor came from Yokohama to perform the ceremony. The rooms were soon filled with the Christians, three Bible women from the nearby places, a number of school teachers, not yet Christians, and some of the Sunday School children. The smaller children gathered in the garden. After the ceremony the company was invited to a Japanese hotel for the wedding feast, where a large room had been engaged for the purpose. The bride and groom sat upon large square cushions placed at the end, while the guests sat in rows upon either side of the long room. The speeches were of a deeply religious character, and the non-Christians present seemed deeply impressed. Two red trays containing the

usual wedding feast were placed before each guest, and what was not eaten of the raw and the cooked fish, slabs of fried eggs, beans and pickles, was placed in boxes to take away.

Mr. and Mrs. Horibe went that same evening to their home in a large neighboring village. She is planning to open a Sunday School there, and hopes to have a Bible class, besides keeping up some work in the preaching place where she has done faithful work for so long a time. Another Christian home in Japan. May its influence for good be felt by many in that non-Christian village.

THE WOMEN STUDENTS OF CHINA IN OUR COLLEGES

JUST a year ago, September, 1914, a little group of ten Chinese women came to the United States for five years of study, their expenses being met by the Indemnity Fund Scholarships.

To understand what this title means, one must recall the Boxer uprising in 1900, an attempt to drive out of China all foreigners and to destroy their properties; it failed, and indemnities were demanded by nations who had suffered loss. Our own government, considering the amount assigned us unreasonably large, remitted the indemnity, and suggested that the interest on this sum be used to send Chinese students to this country for higher education, and accordingly fifty men were sent to our colleges for five years of continuous study.

In 1914 the Chinese government decided to grant ten of these scholarships to women students, and requested the Y. W. C. A. of China to conduct the competitive examinations. The questions were carefully chosen by college women and the wives of men in high positions; perhaps few of them could have passed the test. All of the ten girls chosen proved to have studied in Mission Schools and all of them were Christians.

When the little company reached New York, they were entertained at the National Board Training School, and the Oriental Secretary guided and cared for them in many ways.

It was the desire of the Government that the young women should spend a year in a preparatory school before going to college, in order that the adjustment to the strange new customs and life of a foreign country might be made more easily, and the plan was carried out. This fall they will be ready to enter Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, Smith and Vassar

Colleges. Miss Burton writes: "It is impossible to estimate the influence these girls will exert when they go back home. They will be among foremost leaders of the women of their nation, at a time when the right kind of leaders are supremely needed.

God grant that America may give of its very best, and only its best, to those who have come to us to prepare for leadership among their own people."—*Condensed.*

PERSONALS

India, Fātehpur. Dr. Mina MacKenzie writes: "We have had a very busy and happy winter, both in our hospital and dispensary work here and in the district. We opened seven wayside dispensaries in towns twenty, thirty, and forty miles from here, and that, with our regular work, kept us pretty busy. Then in February I began to build the addition to the Nurses' Home. So every minute of time I could spare from medical work had to be spent there and nearly all my out practice was done after the workmen left at 6 or 6:30 p. m. You would smile to see me to-day sitting in the midst of mud and water on a little bridge made of bamboo, watching the workmen plaster.

Our temperature ranges these days between 103° and 114° in the shade, according as the sun is shining or covered with clouds, of which we have fortunately a few around at times.

Cawnpore.—Miss Beach writes: Things are quiet here in India as a whole, I mean as a country. I saw by the paper that Viceroy Hardinge was to have his term of office extended six months, because of the stress England is under these days. He has seen more trouble, political and personal, than almost any Viceroy we have had. The papers report that arrangements have been made for the annual treat for children in hospitals in India on the Viceroy's birthday. It will be remembered that Lord Hardinge placed a large sum from the public thanksgiving, in trust to ensure this children's treat being given each year. In 1914 about twenty-seven hundred children had a share in it, and this year five thousand rupees out of the accrued interest will be available for this children's treat.

Jhansi.—Dr. Ernst writes: The work has been growing steadily all this year. I have seen the daily averages at the hospitals increase since my return, and I can state positively that there have been more serious operations, more confinement cases, than during the same period in any of my past years here.

HERE AND THERE

A MESSAGE FROM THE PAST

(These telling and inspiring words were written by our beloved secretary, Miss Doremus, in 1867, and were copied for this number of THE MISSIONARY LINK by one of the charter members of the society, who adds "the message of those early days comes to us with the same force and beauty as when it fell from her gifted pen.")

FAR over the waters from the sunny lands of the East, voices come to us, begging for a portion of the blessings Christianity has so lavished on us. Self-consecrated women are not wanting, who eagerly desire to spend their lives in telling these too long neglected souls of the "Truth that shall make them free." But they need loving hearts among us, to sustain them in this life work. For them privation and conflict; for us responsibility and care.

For Christians, the one great aim in this life is that God's will be done, and His kingdom spread; for each one of us, the "thing needful" is to fill our own part in that kingdom as faithfully as we can. With sadness do we acknowledge that many—alas! for hearts basking in the sunlight of the Redeemer's love—too many meet us with the plea that "much must be done at home." True, many are the duties to be discharged at home, but this and the foreign work must go hand in hand. If, remembering the Master's words, "The poor ye always have with you" we wait until home regeneration is accomplished, when shall we begin our labor in the uttermost parts of the earth? And when we stand around the Great White Throne with the redeemed of all nations shall we not sadly look in vain for those, to whom we might have offered but one draught of the Water of Life? No, it is not enough for us to sit at ease in the homes made beautiful and blessed through Christian mercy, and only give a pitying thought to far-off heathen women. We must ask our consciences what part of our "Father's business" is *our* work, and what share are *we* taking in the coming of His kingdom. The answer must come in a new spirit, not in grudging the overflowing of our cup, but in the gifts of personal sacrifice. "Christian life is action; not speculating, not debating, but doing. Feelings pass, resolves change, but what is done for Christ, that, and that only, lasts through eternity. Women of wealth, women of talent, women of leisure, what are you doing in God's world, for God?"

REMINISCENCES. II.

THE FIRST DISPENSARY

IT was deemed best by members of the mission that a dispensary be opened at an early date, so March was decided upon. A Chinese house in the native city, about a quarter of a mile from the West Gate, was offered us, through the kindness of Mrs. J. W. Lambuth, one of Shanghai's oldest missionaries, and this kind offer was accepted—a Chinese house, one-storied, with mud floors, two rooms, two doors on the south side and two windows on the north side. These rooms were fairly good sized, and a door could be opened between them. Then one could be used for the waiting room; the other could be divided into consulting room and drug room, with a lobby beyond, where patients could get prescriptions filled, and then pass out. A carpenter was called, and, with book in hand, which had in it a page given up to "carpenter talk," the needed changes were made and floors were put in the consulting and drug rooms. Everything was very primitive and plain. Of course, the waiting room was to be also the place where Mrs. Day would preach the Gospel, and, as she could speak a little English, she would have to interpret at times also. Her first and foremost duty and pleasure was to tell the story of the "Great Physician" and of his love for all men, women and children. Mrs. Day was of that willing kind that fitted in anywhere, and she loved to help with the distribution of the medicines, and nothing was ever too much trouble for her to do.

So many things happened in March of 1884 that it might be well to enumerate. One morning at two o'clock I was called to go seventeen miles in a Sedan chair to see a sick missionary in consultation with another physician who awaited me there. It was night, strange chair bearers, a long lonely road, and almost no language; yet I knew that the lady who sent for me would provide men whom she could trust, so with the feeling that all would be well I started, arriving at the home by six a. m.

Again, I made a trip on a wheelbarrow to see into the world an only daughter, which daughter has since had two sons born in our hospital. It was while returning from this thirty-four-mile wheelbarrow trip that I was told of the sudden illness of Mrs. Pruyn while she was conducting a Bible Class. A cerebral hemorrhage, which providentially did not cause any general paralysis. I did not know

the nature of Mrs. Pruyn's illness, but hastened on, being not very far from Shanghai. I had two wheelbarrow coolies, one to push and one with a long rope who did the pulling. We made some four or five miles an hour; the country roads were paths and one did not mind them, but through the towns, which were paved with cobble stones, I usually walked, as wheelbarrows have no springs. However, youth and health soon recover from rides though rough, and that night I remained with Mrs. Pruyn, and the next day welcomed Miss McKechnie, our trained nurse, whom I had known in America while taking her training. We were in the same hospital. How much she was needed at the very time she came! And what good service she rendered, not only during Mrs. Pruyn's illness and until Mrs. Pruyn left for America in May, but during those pioneer days and all down through the twelve years she was with us.

The dispensary was opened in March, and as I look back over the years I see Mrs. Day, Miss McKechnie and myself trudging back and forth, (as only Sedan chairs were allowed in the city) between the Bridgman Home to the west gate, and from the west gate to the Dispensary; we had over a half mile. We never went or came with empty hands, hearts and hands were full. It was really and truly our whole hearts, our whole minds, and our whole strength, given up in this service for the Master. Those were happy days!

ELIZABETH REIFSNYDER, M.D.

"COVET EARNESTLY THE BEST GIFTS"

SOMETIMES I wonder if young people realize how many of life's choices are unconsciously made. We see lives which were full of promise and aspiration in their glad beginnings, falling away as the years go by, not by choosing to have it so, but simply by failing to grasp the opportunities as they came for unselfish endeavor, by not coveting earnestly the best gifts.

It has been said: "the good is often the enemy of the best." To do a thing well is a misfortune if it leads to satisfaction with anything less than striving for perfection. The best things are not the easiest; the habit of unselfishness and watchful kindness is formed at the cost of ease and the self-centered life. Yet in these days, God has need of our best, He has high service for those who will pay

the cost. Life is full, but of *what* will depend on what we covet earnestly; the things that "perish with the using," crowd around us on every side, the "things that are worth while" beckon us to the life of service and reward.

Does the road lead up hill all the way? Yes, to the very end. Yet the air is purer and clearer as we ascend, the vision of the goal grows more and more enticing, the reward more and more sweet, until we come to dwell where the best gifts are stored up for those who covet them earnestly.

L. L. Y.

A WORD TO WORKERS—PRAY

DO you, who are at the home base, realize how much can be made possible for your missionaries, teachers, and converts in their daily life and accomplishment by your prayers? I doubt, indeed, whether you do, or can, realize it because you so seldom hear about the answers to these prayers for those in lands beyond the seas. What a stimulus to faith it would be if you could know—what an encouragement to ask for even larger things.

Many times when problems too difficult for a tired head to face come pressing insistently upon one, when body, mind and spirit are too weary to resist discouragement, and there seems no strength left to pray for help, when the powers of darkness press close as the night about one—then at that hour of trial a calm and strength lays hold upon the entire being and there is light and power to be and to do. Why? Some one is praying on the other side of the world and this is the answer.

Oh, for an army of men and women in Christian lands, in America, who know how to intercede for those at the front, to hold up the weary hands until the battle is won. Surely "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

"Prayer is the mightiest force that men can wield;

A power to which Omnipotence doth yield."

A. E. W.

"There are four safe ways the Lord guides us—first, by His Word; second, by His Spirit; third, by His Providence; and fourth, by our own yielded and consecrated judgment. Where these four ways agree, we may rest content in having the will of God."



SOME OF THE FĀTEHPUR FAMILY

FOR MISSION BANDS.

SOME DIFFICULTIES AT FĀTEHPUR

A PARROT, A SARUS, A TURTLE, AND A BABY

By DR. GRACE SPENCER

DID you know we had started village dispensary work this year? Yes, we have, and are trying to teach the people in seven large towns outside of Fātehpur to know and love our Master. Well, in one village forty miles away, to which we must travel by train and by ekka—the ekka by the way is a two-wheeled, springless, seatless carriage in which we must sit with our feet hanging over the wheels—we were given a baby parrot. It was so tiny it had no feathers, just a big red beak, and it was—oh, so thin and weak. That was our first difficulty—to keep it alive as we went on our long ekka drive toward home. How the nurses laughed when they saw the wee thing. But it was so helpless that we tried hard to look after it. Feeding him was the great problem. We had to open his beak and push the food way down out of sight, and then the little chap gulped and opened his eyes to

thank us. One night we fed him with a fine grain, such as we give the chickens. His little crop was quite full and we left him, thinking he would be so happy all night, but in the morning his eyes would not open and no grateful craning of his neck or opened beak called us to give him water. He was sick—so sick he didn't want to speak. Doctors live here, you know, so they spoke up and said, "Give him castor oil," and in a little while open came his eyes and he stretched his eager, tiny neck for more. But a cat was watching—she pounced. That is a difficulty or sorrow just like you have at home, isn't it?

Then let me tell you about our Sarus. That is a bird we have in India—tall like an ostrich. Ours was just a baby, tall, with a round body like a ball of fluff, and such funny, long "daddy-long-legs" feet; not a bit afraid either.

One day I met him in the field and tried to shoo him, as the Mother Goose would with her apron, but he just stood there and opened and shut his long beak like a clapper. Little Mahabin ran up. He pulled a cloth into a string and held it in baby Ciris' face.

Baby snapped at it—oh, so angrily. And what did the little Indian boy do but wrap the cloth quickly back into the open mouth and around the poor bird's head till he was quite helpless. But we loved him for all that, and gave our watchman strict instructions to care for him well during our visit to Calcutta; but he died.

The poor old watchman had his difficulty then; he felt so sad. He picked the bird up in his arms and carried it up to the missionary padre to ask if he could not bring it back to life. Then the burial. The sweeper woman and little Mahabin dug its grave and they carried the poor, cold, fluffy thing there. It was a Christian birdie, Mahabin thought, so it must have a Christian burial. Birdie Ciris was left in his quiet abiding place with a Christian hymn and the only prayer our little Hindu friend knew—"Our Father."

The turtle story is short. The life of man is three-score years and ten, but the Lily Lyle Broadwell Hospital is to live on and on. When Pat arrived—our turtle—we thought he would live on and on, too. And it would be so interesting to have a watchman—one for a hundred years, at least. So Pat was put in our big garden tank with especial care. I had heard that Hindoos didn't eat meat, but the last we heard of Pat—a Hindu named "Beloved" had some turtle soup. That was not a difficulty—oh, no. It was just difficult to find Pat.

Finally, P. Stearns, otherwise Sam, you will wonder who that is. Well, it's a baby. He is not a difficulty at all—just his name was difficult. Some day we hope to tell you more of this little one, whose mother died, leaving this little seed of life to our tending. Do we love him? Just ask any of our Indian children and they will tell you what a nice white cot he has, and pretty blue blankets with little bears all over it, and how he stays in our nurse Missahib's room most of the time. We all love him.

And now about his name, P. Stearns. It was this way: Some one said we would call him Paul, and another said no, Philip, and the third one she said no, Peter, till we didn't know which it should be—Peter, Paul or Philip. A treaty must be made, and as all had the initial P, P. Stearns became his name. The time for baptism drew near. You see we couldn't very well wait to find out if our little three and a half pounds was going to be an evangelist—worthy to be called Paul, or beautiful to be called Philip, or yet a

rock in Christ's church to be called Peter, so we said it must be Andrew, and Andrew it was. Then because we loved him, we hoped he was beautiful, and so he was christened Andrew Philip.

The naughty spirit of strife dies hard, or else the hope of future days lives strong. We waived them all for simple Sam—waived them for the years to prove if P stands for Paul or for Peter, or if it is the appellation of the messenger to the Ethiopian. But pray, little friends, that our mission baby may indeed be a child of God—consecrated from his birth, as was Samuel.

THE BALANCES OF GOD

WE are apt to measure things by their size and not by their weight. Our admiration is usually determined by scale rather than by weight. But our God weighs things. He weighs our offerings, and He weighs them in His own spiritual scales, to see what spiritual significance there is in them. He weighs our money-gifts to ascertain their weight of sacrifice. And so it comes to pass that the widow's mite wins His praise rather than the rich man's abundance.

He weighs our prayers to see what weight of holy desire there is in them. Prayers may be very long and very empty, and in the scales of God they are as light as the lightest chaff. In our prayers it is desire that weighs heavily, and penitence, and humility, and serious purpose of amendment. In our intercessions it is our self-forgetfulness that wins the favor of the Lord—our sympathy, the burden of our brother's need. God weighs our joys, and it is our thankfulness which reveals its mighty presence in the scale. In the estimation of the Lord many things are very weighty which have no regard in the esteem of the world, "for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed."

—DR. JOWETT.

BUDDHIST Ceylon is adopting two important Christian agencies in the recent revival of that ancient faith. One is the Young Men's Buddhist Association, the other is the Sunday School for teaching Buddhism, in which Christian hymns are sung after substituting Buddha and dharma for Jesus and the Gospel.

RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, from August 1 to August 31, 1915.

CALCUTTA, INDIA

Sarah F. Gardner Memorial School

N. Y.—Hastings, Orphan Asylum, Mr. R. R. Reeder, Treas., for Shushila, 25.00; New York City, Mrs. Frederick Billings, for orphanage, 25.00,	\$50 00
N. J.—Millstone Auxiliary, Mrs. P. Nevins, Treas., for native teacher, Indumukhi,	16 00

Total, \$66 00

CAWNPORE

Mary Avery Merriman School

N. Y.—Cold Spring, Hillside Band, Miss A. P. Wilson, Treas., Christmas gift for Ada,	10 00
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Total, 10 00

FÂTEHPUR

Lily Lytle Broadwell Memorial Hospital

Nova Scotia.—Canso, Simpson S. S. Class, Mrs. E. C. Whitman, for child's cot,	5 00
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Rescue Work

N. Y.—Brooklyn, Mrs. Peter McCartee quarterly, for Miss Durrant's salary,	25 00
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Total, 30 00

JHANSI

Mary S. and Maria Ackerman Hoyt Hospitals

Mass.—East Northfield, Mrs. M. J. Hamlin, for support of nurse,	50 00
Md.—Baltimore Br., Miss E. M. Bond, Treas., Mrs. Howard Munnikhuyzen, for Dr. Ernst's use at Christmas,	10 00

Total, 60 00

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN

N. Y.—Alfred, Mrs. W. C. Burdich for Prescott Scholarship,	50 00
Ky.—Owingsville, Miss Laura R. Walton, for Elizabeth Barnes Walton Mem. Scholarship,	50 00

Total, 100 00

GENERAL FUND

N. Y.—New York City, Mrs. W. E. Truesdell,	20 00
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Total, 20 00

SUBSCRIPTION TO MISSIONARY LINK

Miss Evelyn Dix, .50; Mrs. W. W. Clark, .50,	1 00
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Total, 1 00

WILLING AND OBEDIENT BAND

Rev. D. M. Stearns, Germantown, Phila., Pa.

Cawnpore.—Mrs. J. E. L. Davis, for worker with Miss Beach,	5 00
Jhansi.—Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsburgh, Miss Mina D. Starr, for boy,	10 00

Japan.—Miss Anna R. Harper—Tei Nuiira, Mr. Charles L. Huston—Koto Kataoka,	75 00
Mr. W. G. Parke—Kiyo Tado,	75 00
Mrs. Joseph Howe—Isuru Iijina,	5 00
Mrs. J. E. L. Davis, in mem. Mrs. A. C. A.—Shige Matsuoka,	30 00
Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsburgh—Kozukuye Sta.,	5 00
Mrs. C. B. Penrose—Harada Shobi,	10 00

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fredericks

—Suga Mori,	5 00
Miss H. Debora Boone—Kiku Yamane,	5 00
T. Edward Ross—Sada Enomoto,	60 00
Miss Jennie Riegel—Kin Watanabe,	15 00
	300 00

Total, 375 00

SUMMARY

Calcutta,	\$66 00
Cawnpore,	70 00
Fatehpur,	30 00
Jhansi,	75 00
Japan,	400 00
General Fund,	20 00
Link Subscriptions,	1 00

Total, \$662 00

CLARA E. MASTERS, Assistant Treasurer.

AUGUST RECEIPTS OF PHILADELPHIA BRANCH

Mrs. Wm. Waterall, Treas.

Interest on Harriet S. Benson Fund,	\$250 00
" Elizabeth Peters Fund,	45 00
" Harriet Holland Fund,	67 50
From Miss E. Howard-Smith,	5 00
Interest on Mrs. E. H. Williams Fund,	10 50
" Miss Clara A. Lindsay Fund,	5 62
" Chas. G. Sower Fund,	7 88
" Harriet Holland Fund,	3 75

Total, \$395 25

FÂTEHPUR, INDIA.

ENDOWED BEDS

LILY LYTLE BROADWELL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.

ENDOWMENT, \$600.

S. D. D.—Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell.	
Sarah Wallace Memorial—Mrs. Richard H. Allen.	
Hannah Amelia White—Mrs. M. Morris White.	
Jubilee Thank Offering—For S. D. D.	
Elizabeth Davis Espy—Mrs. W. W. Seely.	
Marie Haines Broadwell—Mrs. Charles Parsons.	
Juliet G. Church.	
Laura P. Halsted.	
Samuel J. Broadwell—Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell.	
Josephine Lytle Foster—Mrs. Charles J. Livingood.	
Bertha Costello Gillespie—Mrs. Anna Costello Ropes.	
Susan Morris White—Mrs. Clarence Price.	
Sarah Doremus Hamilton—Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell.	
Comfort—	
Isabella L. Ballantine.	
Elizabeth Ogden Nixon—Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell.	
Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable Memorial—	
By her husband, Alvin N. Bastable.	
M. Morris White, "In Memoriam"—Mrs. M. M. White.	
"Inasmuch"—	
Sarah DuBois Doremus—In loving memory.	
Margaret D. Joline—Catharine D. Joline.	

SHANGHAI, CHINA.
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MARGARET WILLIAMSON HOSPITAL.

ENDOWMENT, \$600.

Julia Cumming Jones—Mrs. E. Stainslaus Jones.
Mary Ogden Darrah—Mrs. E. Stainslaus Jones.
Robert and William Van Arsdale—Memorial by their sister, Julia C. Van Arsdale Jones.
New Jersey—Miss Stevens.
Henry Ward Beecher—Plymouth Foreign Mis. Soc.
Ruthy B. Hutchinson—Plymouth Foreign Mis. Soc.
Mary Pruyn Memorial—Ladies in Albany.
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Mrs. Bela Mitchell—Mrs. Bela Mitchell.
The American—A Friend.
The White Memorial—Medical Mission Band, Baltimore.
E. Cornelia Shaw Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge Torrey
Drusilla Dorcas Memorial—A Friend in Boston.
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S. E. and H. P. Warner Memorial.
Frances C. I. Greenough—Mrs. Abel Stevens.
Emeline C. Buck—Mrs. Buck.
Elizabeth W. Wyckoff—Mr. Richard L. Wyckoff.
Elizabeth W. Clark—Mr. Richard L. Wyckoff.
Jane Alexander Millivan—Mrs. John Story Gulick.
"Martha Memorial"—A Friend.
Mills Seminary—"Tolman Band." California.
Maria N. Johnson—A Friend.
"In Memoriam"—A Sister.
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John B. Spotswood—Miss Anne R. Spotswood.
A. B. C. Beds—By Friends.
Sarah A. Wakeman Memorial—A Friend.
In Memoriam—A Friend.
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Anna Corilla Yeomans—

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	Mrs. Anna Yeomans Harris
	Miss Elizabeth L. Yeomans.

Mrs. Mary B. Humphreys Dey—

{	Anthony Dey.
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Sarah White Memorial—Miss Mary F. Wakeman.
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Adeline Louisa Forbes—

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Sarah Ann Brown—Ellen L. A. Brown.
Caroline Elmer Brown—Ellen L. A. Brown.
Maria Robert—Miss L. P. Halsted.
Zalmon B. Wakeman Memorial—Mary F. Wakeman
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Mrs. Elbridge Torrey.
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Mary S. Ackermann Hoyt—Her sister, Mrs. Jeanie C. A. Bucknell.
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Maria Ackerman Hoyt—Her niece, Miss Emilie S. Coles.
Mrs. Jeanie C. Ackerman Bucknell—Her niece, Miss Emilie S. Coles.
Mrs. Caroline E. Ackerman Coles—Her daughter, Miss Emilie S. Coles.
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William H. Harris }
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Mrs. Henry Johnson—Friends.
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Dr. R. M. Wyckoff—Elizabeth Wyckoff Clark.
Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable Memorial—
By her husband, Alvin N. Bastable.
Fannie B. Robbins—By her sister, Mary R. Hoffman.
William Harvey—By his sister, Mrs. George Trull.

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